

Puck


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TRYING TO MAKE AN APRIL FOOL OF HIM.

UNCLE SAM. — Let 'em amuse themselves; — but they can't take *me* in!



PUCK

SKEPTICAL.



USED TO THINK thet figgerin' was the finest thing, abeout —
Wa'n't nothing in my 'rithmetic I could n't cipher out.
An' I had a sort of idee, at the time I quit the school,
Thet in Mathematics, anyhow, I wa'n't nobody's fool.
But ef what Lyme Trask was tellin' me abeout his son is true,
I guess I must 'a' graduated 'fore I got quite through.
Lyme's boy is situated in some big concern, he said;
He's Actuary — that 's a place requires a quite a head.

Accorde-ing to Lyme, you could n't stick the little cuss.

Them air miscellaneous stumpers, sech as used to bother us,
At the back end of the book, would be like a, b, c to him —
Gits the right answer ever' time. I swan, he must be trim!
Chalk a hunderd thousan' figgers on yer barn an', dum it, 'Squire.
He 'll foot 'em up so suddent it 'll set the hay a-fire.
Ye let him know yer birth date, an', Lyme says, beyond a doubt
He 'll tell within a fortni't of yer final droppin' out.
He knows just what yer life 's wuth, Lyme says, an' I 'll be sworn,
He says thet he kin cal'late what it cost ye to be born.
A hunderd years ahead he knows what cost of coal 'll be,
An' p'aps he 's figgered out the odds 'twixt tweedle dum and dee.
P'aps he ain't, too, — anyhow, sech all-fired smartness must
Be ruther tryin' on yer mind fer fear yer head 'u'd bust.
Our eddication, like enough, was limited; but, Squire,
It 's a easy rule to work by when ye figger Lyme a li'r.



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REACHING HIS ENEMY.

FAIR SHOPPER (to clerk, who has shown her every piece of goods in the store). — Well, I don't see anything here that suits me. I 'll go down to Yard & Tapeley's and see what they have.

SALESMAN (eagerly). — Here 's the card of one of their salesmen. Will you kindly get him to wait on you?

FAIR SHOPPER (pleasantly). — Ah! a friend of yours, I suppose?

SALESMAN. — Not at all!



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TAKING IT INTO HIS OWN HANDS.

GOOD OLD PARTY. — What did you hit him for?

BOY. — He 's been callin' me names fer a week.

GOOD OLD PARTY. — Why did n't you pray for him?

BOY. — I did. I prayed that he 'd get the small-pox, fall offen a roof, or git hit with a brick; but my prayers did n't git answered wuth a cent, so I jess took de job in me own hands!

AN ADJUNCT TO THE COURT.

MCMANUS (ward heeler). — Phwut does Judge Guffy kape that thick-headed Fogarty as his clerk for? He 's no good.

COUNSELOR O'SHYSTER. — Well, you see the Judge is a great joker, and Fogarty has got the heartiest laugh you ever heard.

A NECESSARY PRELUDE.

MRS. DE STYLE. — Yes; Ethel has started in to take lessons on the violin. She is going to a Professor of Physical Culture, now.

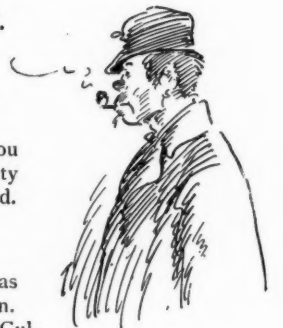
MRS. VAN TONE. — Physical Culture!

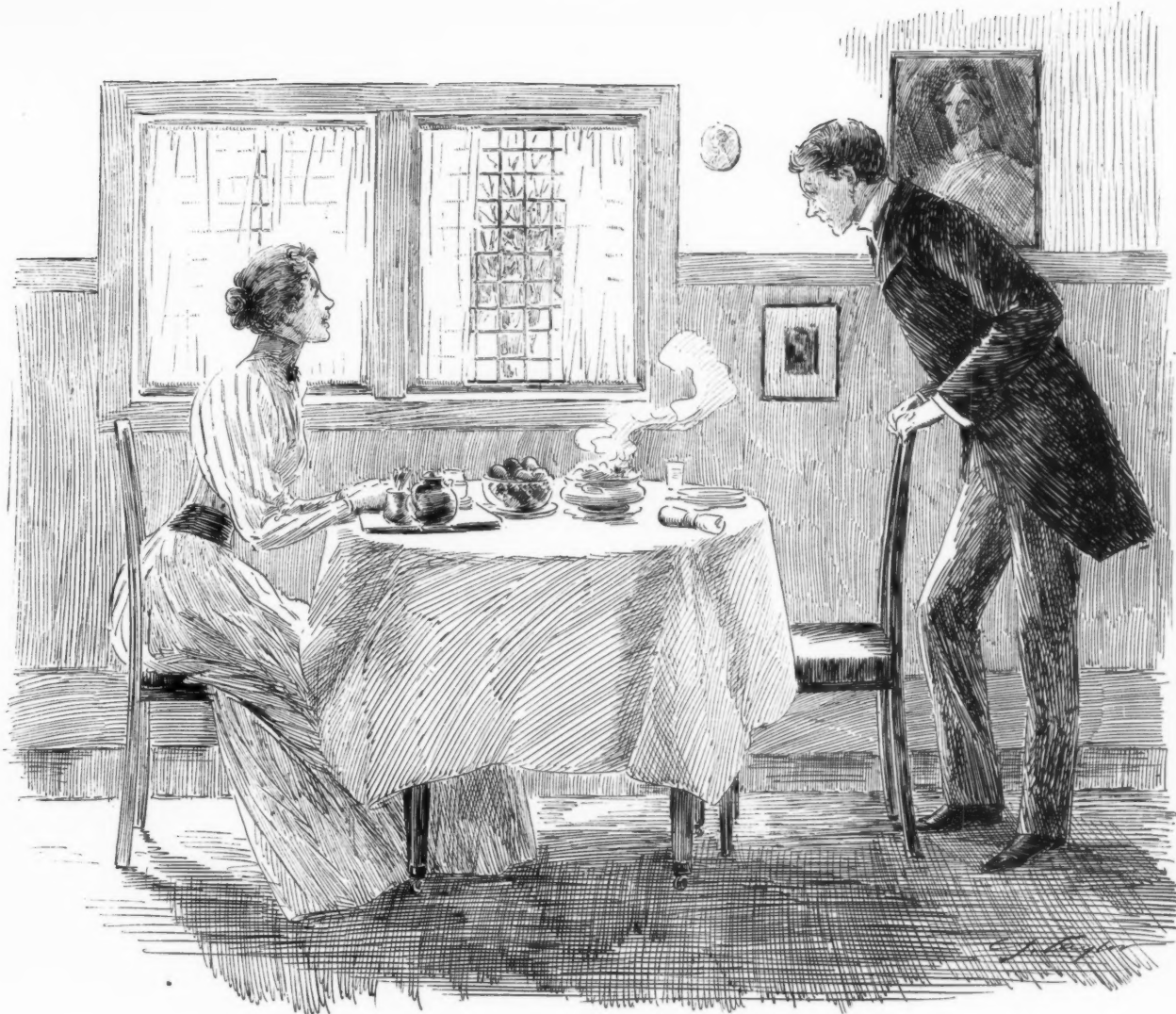
MRS. DE STYLE. — Yes; — to have her arms made round and plump.

DIFFERENT.

EDITOR. — Your verses are pretty bad to issue in book-form.

BINKS. — Who said anything about a book? This is going to be a brochure.





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SECURING THE MATERIALS.

MR. YOUNGHUBBE. — Don't you think, my dear, that you cook twice as much as we need?

MRS. YOUNGHUBBE (*artlessly*). — I did it on purpose, darling; I want to try some of those "Hints for Housekeepers — How to Make Dainty Dishes from What Was Left Over from Yesterday."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

IN THE genial warmth of the Spring sunlight the children sported.

"Oh, see what beautiful mud pies I've made! Won't you have one?"

It was the little girl in the blue pinafore who was speaking.

The boy-who-took-after-his-father, sniffed disdainfully.

"Pshaw!" he said; "they ain't a bit like the ones my mother used to make!"

But his mother's childhood had been passed in the sunny southland, where clay is cleaner.

THE BLINDEST kind of love
That ever did exist,
Is the unweening kind
That marks the egotist.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

MINISTER. — Was Bridget a servant of the Lord?

WOMAN. — I imagine so. She never would mind me!

A FOXY PHYSICIAN.

REGGY. — The doctor says I must not drink champagne.

TOM. — Why not?

REGGY. — Probably he want's me to wait till I've paid his bill.

ALTHOUGH MONEY talks, woman can meet it half-way and get in the last word.



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BETRAYED.

COHENSTEIN. — Vell, are you getting your affairs straightened out?

MISFITSKI. — Dey vos all in a tangle. Vot you t'ink? Dot assignee is vorkin' in mit dem greditors!

"TRILBY."

Being the last chapter, written without the Author's consent or knowledge, by another scribe.



BEHOLD OUR three musketeers of the brush once more safely installed at Paris, in the old studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. What? Do I confuse you? You thought it was all settled, — that Trilby and Little Billee were gone for good, and Taffy and the Laird as good as gone, — that is, married? Not a bit of it! *Mais non, mon enfant, — nein, nit, jamais de la vie*, finally, NO!

It was all a hoax, for the public, you know. I had to preserve the unities for a time, but the truth may now be told.

To finish briefly, then, Porthos-Athos, d'Arcagnan and — I mean Taffy and the Laird and Little Billee are back in the old studio after a trying but successful season in America. It is only the next day — too early for the old routine to have set in. Taffy is putting in the outlines for a Tammany police captain, to be painted just as he really is (or was); and the Laird, who is going to do an American Indian, which he has never seen, is rummaging out of his box a lot of Indian

head-dresses and armlets and beaded moccasins, all very beautiful, — made by a prosperous manufacturer at Norwalk, Connecticut, and bought at a very decent curio shop in *l'avenue sixième*. Little Billee, on the divan, is looking out of the North window over the roofs and chimney pots of his beloved Paris — far beyond the river and the ominous old morgue and the gray towers of Notre Dame. He sees none of these. He is thinking it is good to be home again; and so is each of the other two, for that matter.

And, finally, they give up trying to work, and join with Little Billee in being glad they're all at home. They can be very glad when they put their minds to it, too.

With hearts filled to overflowing, they talk of the old days — they seem old, at least — when the subject of their going to America with Trilby was first broached. They laugh now at their early doubts and fears, and thank their stars they were let into such a good thing. Their reception had been so cordial from the very first, and there were some good things in that strange land of the United States, too; for instance, *le bon vin rouge*, which is so good that it fools you every time, if only it have a seemly French label on its bottle, as all good wine should have.

But their paths had not all been of the primrose. For Trilby, from a simple *blanchisseuse*, had come to be a Fad, and Fads are a bother.

First there were tableaux, though they were not so bad, because you were always given three-cornered lettuce sandwiches and plenty of good tea when they were over, and you could generally catch a late train back to the city from Summit or Rahway or Nyack or Yonkers or wherever it was. Then there came "Evenings with Trilby," and "The Music of Trilby," and then the sensational preachers took her up and denounced her as immoral, which was a most excellent advertisement and served greatly to enhance her drawing powers. So, what matter if it did make the Laird swear? He always cursed so divinely in French, you know.

And it roiled Taffy, too. He would take up pokers and tie them into hard knots. Well they remembered the morning when, his big, manly whiskers bristling with rage, his choleric blue eyes aflash, he had started out to do up (*comme disent les Américains*) a Hoboken preacher who had raked up that old scandal about Trilby. But he was diverted from his purpose through reading of a member of the Philadelphia Board of Education who said he had no doubt Trilby was all right in the original — that so many French books suffered in the translation.

Then Trilby was dramatized and taken out on the road, and she came near having to use her beautiful feet to get back to New York, — and the rest of the company, too, who had not the beautiful feet.

It was this way: Svengali began by hypnotizing the audience into thinking it was a great show. This was a mistake, for everybody knows that an audience has to read what the critics say before it can tell if a show be good or bad. Now, the critics were always in the café-nearest-the-theatre, — lest they should see something of what they were to criticise and be influenced thereby, — so they did not come under Svengali's baneful eye, and there were some nights of bad business in consequence.

But Svengali soon learned to let the audience take care of itself, which was a safe thing to do, because I suspect it *was* a good show. He went direct to the café-nearest-the-theatre, lined the critics up to the bar and hypnotized them. Oh, *Mon Dieu, mais oui!* over and over again, *encore*,

et encore une fois, — as many times as they would order something, in fact!

And he thought he was doing something new, too, *le sale juif!* as if every manager in — but that is another pair of sleeves, as they say in France.

Anyhow, after that, salaries were paid promptly; and, later on, they all went back to New York and enjoyed that beautiful city very much. And there were more tableaux and evenings with Trilby. Why, even Good Society, which had heard of her by that time, took her up, and tableauxed her and eveninged her and talked her at swell functions, five o'clock teas and the like. And the members of one certain swell coterie actually formed a little club for the purpose of *reading the book*. But that was in Lent, and was, of course, mere transient exuberance.

But now it is all through with — *c'est bien fini* — and they are back in the old room with its dull red walls, and the big window to the north, and the small windows to the east and west, heavily curtained, to let in dawn or sunset, or haply keep them out, and the semi-grand by Broadwood alongside the eastern wall, to the accompaniment of which Trilby shall sing Ben Bolt as horribly as ever she likes, — Oh, many, many times!

And they have much that is good to remember and muse upon (with fond regret) in the years to come. How long ago seems that first rainy day in April, when —

A knock at the door; yes, you could n't well mistake him, — it is Svengali who enters.

"*Ponchour mes enfants!*"

He has not changed. He no longer wears the old red beret and the large, velveteen cloak with the big metal clasp at the throat; — he wears a modern suit of clothes from Gus the Square Tailor, (*rue de Boverie*) but there are his bold, black, beady eyes, with their long, heavy lids, his thin, fallow face, and his beard of burnt-up-black growing almost from the under eye-lids.

As of yore, he is without the sou. He never *would* save, that fellow! He had fine offers in America, too, from certain merchants in Baxter Street, New York, who wished him to hypnotize incredulous or irresolute passers-by. But, no; — he had preferred to smoke his big cigar of the Havana, and to walk along lower Broadway where he could look up at the signs and feel himself at home.

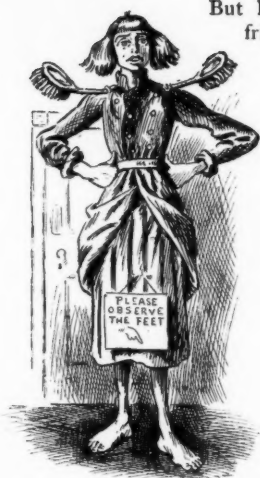
"*Ponchour, mes enfants! Fous allez bien, ch'espère; et moi, aussi, — oui, — fous bouvez barier fotre douce fie!*"

He was an apt rogue at slang.

Another knock at the door, and in come Carnegie and Anthony, Lor-



rimer, Vincent and the Greek, with their old spirits not abated, — yes, and Zouzou and Dodor. Miss Hunks, of Chicago, did n't get Zouzou, after all. You see, in view of the silver agitation over there, Zouzou had wisely insisted on having the word "gold" put into the settlement papers, instead of "coin," and Hunks *père* had stormed and refused to do it, just as Congress had. I think he was stupid enough to be a Congressman himself. *Mon dieu, mais qu'il était bête, cet homme!*



Whistler was as well as I. Well, they behaved most handsomely about it, and I can live it down, I suppose, but —

Here comes a loud knuckle-rapping at the outer door; a voice of great volume (an angel's voice) utters the British milkman's yodel, and, before one can say "Entrez" a strange, but a familiar figure is framed in the gloom of the little ante-chamber.

It is Trilby, and she, too, as of old. The same overcoat of a French infantry soldier, (in which the present scribe loves her best) the same striped petticoat, the same bare, white ankles and in-steps and straight, rosy heels; and, of course, the same small bare head with short, thick, wavy brown hair, and the same healthy young face, large mouth, freckles and all; the same bit of milk-white neck just showing, the same —

But here 's another knock, and here is our old friend, Joe Sibley, flushed and worried and generally beaten down.

"You heard of it over there, did n't you?" begins the idle apprentice.

But they had n't — whatever it was — and they said so.

"But, I say, you know, it was rough on a chap —"

"Out with it, old fellow!"

"Well, but I found, you know, that the author meant me for Whistler" — he broke off in a spluttering rage.

A shudder of honest indignation ran through the little crowd.

"You can't mean it! For shame! What an outrage!"

"But I fixed it, you know; — wrote to the publishers, threatening damages and all that sort of thing; said I had a reputation for sanity to sustain — that they knew what

But enough; I must stop now. I could tell you of the afternoon they spent, of how Trilby told again and again of her American experiences: her indignant rebuke to the artist who, not content with painting her from the "altogether," had audaciously suggested that she pose for him in a Narragansett bathing suit; her worry over the sermons of the men of God who thought her immoral; her wistful, almost pathetic interest in the arguments of the learned critics who declared her to be an impossible creation, — she, Trilby O'Ferral — who had *breathed and loved and reasoned*, — *que voulez-vous?* — as if one could demand *more* of a woman!

But what is the use? Suffice to say that the day escaped swiftly and unheeded, as the days always did and always shall escape from that room — while their retreat is covered by mirth and music and a little something to drink. Wine a mocker? Fudge! The wine they drank and are to drink simply could not mock the lives they led and are to lead. Besides, if there be not more old drunkards than old physicians, then good Master Francis Rabelais spake untruly.

And remember this is a fairy story which I have the honor to complete, — of a certain kind.

For, while your realist often writes a real story about fairy people, this is a fairy story about real people.

And, because they are real, they shall live in this beautiful studio with their work and their play, their laughter and tears, forever.

Yes, even Svengali, — for a little good honest detestation coddles the liver most wholesomely.

None of them can die if he try, until reading becomes a lost art.

And the present scribe wishes he might have written All of the Story, instead of only

The End.

H. L. Wilson.



TOOK IT BACK.

TOM SINGLETON. — I hear you're engaged. Congratulate you, my boy!

BENNY DICTUS. — You did n't hear it quite right. I'm married.

TOM SINGLETON. — Oh! Excuse me, old man.

AN UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY.

Woman 's the Sphinx, — at least they tell us so, Mysterious oracle from heaven high lent.

Woman the Sphinx? Oh, no and no and no! — The Sphinx is silent!

H. J.

CAUSE FOR HIS CLAIM.

BLEECKER. — Upptowne prides himself on being one of the old settlers of Harlem?

FORTHLOHR (*earnestly*). — Well, I know it to be a fact that he's been living for over a year and a half in the same flat!

PROVED.

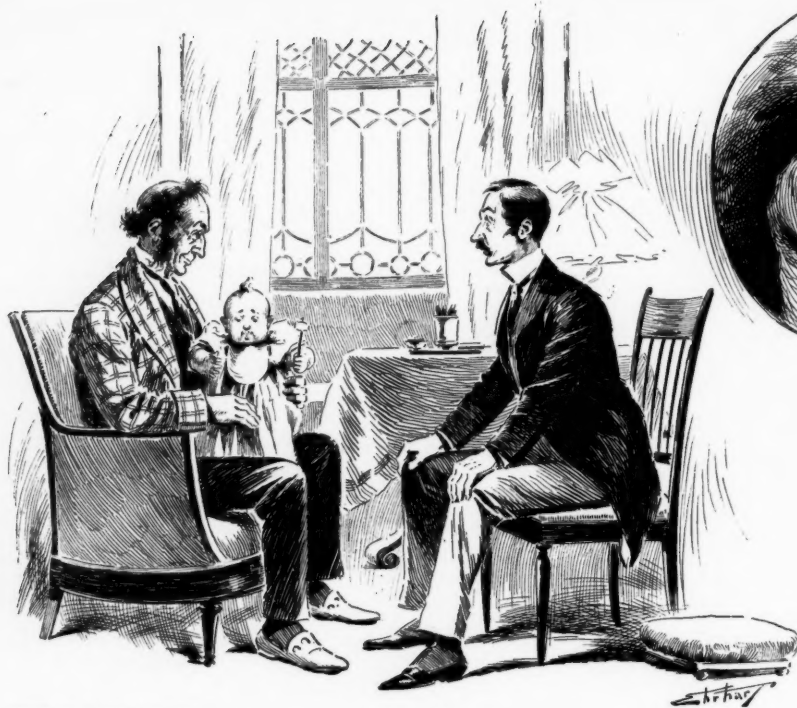


LANDLORD. — I tell you, it is not the chimney that smokes, — it is your measley old stove! Just take those pipes down and I'll prove it to you.



LANDLORD (*as Reilly takes down the pipes*). — There, now! What did I tell you? Do you see any smoke coming out of that chimney?

REILLY (*dumbfounded*). — Fer th' love av' Hivin! yez is roight. Oi'll sell that shovve this blissid day!

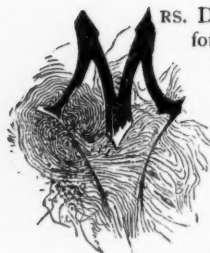


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A DIFFERENCE.

VISITOR.—And what do you call your baby?
 HOST.—Day or night?

WOMAN'S HELP TO WOMAN.



RS. DORCAS.—I'm so glad our society has been able to get work for you. The place is in a very select private school.
 MISS PRIMER.—And what is the salary?
 MRS. DORCAS.—Three hundred a year.
 MISS PRIMER.—That's less than I've been used to getting.
 MRS. DORCAS.—But you'll be able to get along nicely.
 MISS PRIMER.—What will my boarding cost, do you know?
 MRS. DORCAS.—Yes; I inquired all about that. You can stop with the family of one of the other teachers, for four dollars a week.
 MISS PRIMER.—That won't leave me very much spending money; but I suppose I'd better take the place.
 MRS. DORCAS.—Certainly, my dear. You know our society will continue to look after your welfare. By the way, here are tickets to our next meeting. I'm going to speak on a subject of special importance to young women like yourself who have to earn their livelihood. Our discussions are always full of practical hints in economy.
 MISS PRIMER.—I'll be delighted to hear you after all your kindness to me. Besides, I'll need lessons in economy in order to get along on about two dollars a week. What did you say was to be the subject of your lecture?
 MRS. DORCAS.—“How to Dress on Five Hundred Dollars a Year.”

THE BLOOMING WIDOW.

She, as a widow, is so fair
 That one may truly say
 The weeds that she's compelled to wear
 Are changed to a bouquet.

EXCUSABLE.

WIGGS.—Who was doing all that screaming I heard a few minutes ago?
 FUTLITES.—Mme. Adder, the snake-charmer, saw a mouse.

THE AFTER-EFFECT.

ADA.—Does drinking make you nervous?
 REGGY HARDUP.—It makes me nervous to drink champagne if I think I'll have to pay for it.

A WOMAN SHOULD have learning; but she should convert her learning into wisdom, that she may know how to conceal it.



AT NIGHT.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

MISS GUSHLEIGH.—Oh! here's a poem by Lionel Dreame. How could a man with such a romantic name help being a poet?

PENWORK.—Yes; but his real name, I understand, is Hezekiah Tubbs.

THAT ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

SPENCER.—They say that Dick Strykit married a cold million.

FERGUSON.—Yes; his wife was a Boston heiress.

THE WOMAN in bloomers must feel like a new man.

THE FORWARD FARMER.

HE'S SURE it's Spring, for now the frog
 Cries from the dark marsh reeds,
 So he consults the catalogue
 And buys his garden seeds.

The “Little Wonder” marrowfat,
 The “Climax” Lima bean,
 The “Drumhead” cabbage, early, flat,
 The turnip “Sussex Queen.”

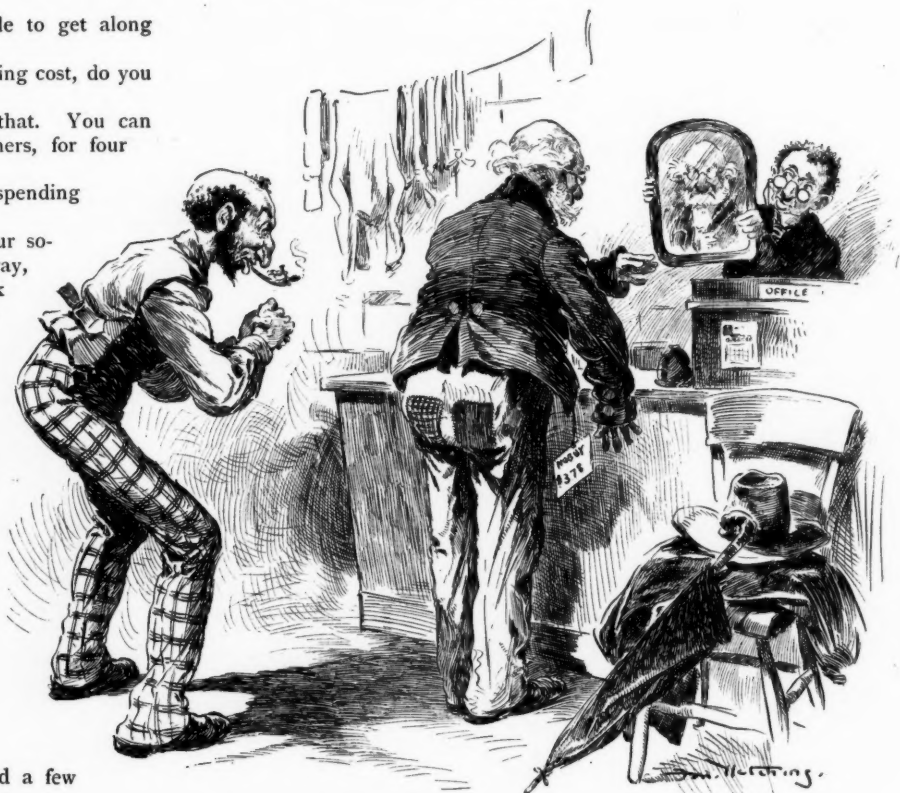
The “Early Rose” potato, too,
 The “Peerless” sugar beet,
 The rhubarb “Eclipse Devereux,”
 And corn, “horse kind” and sweet.

He plants them all, then comes the frost
 To plague the hapless Josh,
 And make him mourn the money lost
 By previousness, b'gosh!

R. L. M.



IN HIS wife's eyes a man is a gambler when he loses. In his associates' eyes he is a gambler when he wins.



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A GARMENT WITH ADVANTAGES.

MR. HARDACRE (trying on coat).—But don't yer think it's rather too short?
 MR. STUCKHEIMER (enthusiastically).—S' hellup me gracious, mein frendt! who sewed dose patches on dem trousers?
 MR. HARDACRE.—My wife!
 MR. STUCKHEIMER.—Vell, so hellup me Fadder Apraham! if I hat a vife as could do such fine needlework as dot, I would only pe too proudt to show it to all der worldt!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AN INAPPROPRIATE ANGLICISM. THE PAINTINGS recently exhibited in this city by Mr. E. A. Abbey have attracted much commendatory criticism; and they certainly are deserving of high praise as exceptionally meritorious specimens of modern British art—for Mr. Abbey has so long expatriated himself that to all intents and purposes he is an Englishman and not an American. Indeed, it seems to us that the craze for things English must have been the cause of Mr. Abbey's selection for the work of decorating that part of the Boston Public Library for which these pictures are designed; for in no other way is it possible to explain the acceptance of works so curiously unfit for their special purpose. Mr. Abbey's pictures are excellent as pictures: he is an artist of rare talent, and a scholar among artists. No doubt his set of Arthurian pictures represents a vast amount of research, and constitutes as good a presentation as we could well get of the life of that dark epoch—the borderland between history and romance. But why, in the name of common-sense and artistic appropriateness, should these pictures be chosen to decorate the Boston Public Library? Mr. Abbey is not a decorative artist: he is an archaic realist. If we want to know the cut of a monk's cowl in the year 1249, or the latest thing in fashionable armor for the Spring of 1250, Mr. Abbey is undoubtedly the man to give it to us. But, as we take it, the decorations of the Boston Public Library are not intended to convey any such useful information. If a decoration is to go beyond purely decorative effect and is to convey a special

meaning, surely that meaning should be conveyed by symbolism and suggestion.

And even if it is to be made a realistic portrayal of figures celebrated in history and tradition, what possible connection is there between the Arthurian period and the Boston Public Library? The period itself belongs to what we are fond of calling the dark ages. The Knights of the Round Table may have carved for themselves imperishable names with the aid of their trusty swords, but if there was one in the whole outfit who could take a jack-knife and carve that name on the table, it is a pretty safe bet that he did n't know how to pell it. If Mr. Abbey had chosen to illustrate the life of Athens at the noblest period of her civilization, there might have been some aptness in his choice. Or if he had picked out the sunburst of Elizabethan literature for his inspiration, it might have been possible to see what he was driving at. But what is the propriety of a set of pictures illustrating the life and times of King Arthur as ornaments for a hall of learning in the modern Athens—the Home of the Sacred Codfish? Why would not studies of life among the pterodactyls be just as suitable and fitting?

And why was it necessary to go over seas for subjects for decoration? Boston's particular pet pride is her extensive production of poets and orators and literary men generally. Why should not the decorations of her great library do honor to the men who did honor to the town? There is certainly no poet whose works are more pictorial, as the artists say, than the late Mr. Longfellow. Nathaniel Hawthorne made two or three pictures that still linger in men's minds. James Russell Lowell did more to foster the spirit that sustains the Boston Public Library than all the knights that ever boarded with King Arthur. And why should pictures of these half-reclaimed pagans decorate the walls of a temple reared to civilization in a town that sheltered Channing, Clarke, Brooks, and other great leaders in the march of liberal Christianity? We ask these questions earnestly; not in a carping spirit or with any desire to disparage Mr. Abbey's excellent art, but because it seems absurd and ridiculous to us that a great institution of learning, situated in the cradle of American liberty, should find no more suitable decoration than these studies that commemorate a period of ignorance, oppression and superstition in a foreign land.

A TALE OF THE WEST.



"FLY with me!" cried the outlaw bold,
"And we'll dwell in the forest green,
Where my gallant comrades their revels hold,
And thou shalt be our queen."

"Oh! be my bride, and I'll build a shrine
Where Beauty's self might reign,
And countless treasures shall be thine
Whenever I loot a train."

"With this six-shooter and this right arm
And this bowie knife, bright and keen,
I'll guard thee safe from every harm.
Come, fly to the forest green!"

But the blushing maiden answered "Nay.
For," she said, with rueful face,
"We never could get a girl to stay
A week in such a place."

W. M.

AN EXCITING RACE.

MURRAY HILL.—What is the Brooklyn Handicap?

FULTON TROLLEY.—It is the yard and a quarter start the motorman gives you when you try to cross in front of his car.

HARBINGERS.

Just now is the time when the hardware man
Will, enterprising, cater
And put out beside his last heating-stove
His first refrigerator.

FRIEND.—So you've given up the idea of trying to get a seat in the Senate?

MILLIONAIRE.—Yes. I could n't figure out more than four per cent. on the investment.

ON THE highway of life we are all out to take the rich man's dust.

"YES, INDEED! The income tax bears very heavily on me."

"But you have no taxable income?"

"I know; but the janitor of our flat has, and heaven knows he was cross enough before!"

FIRST MAGAZINE EDITOR.—Any new schemes this month?

SECOND MAGAZINE EDITOR.—I should say so! I've got Penhalter, the forger, on "How I Wrote It."



C. J. Taylor

CREATURES OF HABIT.

"You became fascinated with bicycling?"

"Oh, yes; after I once got in the habit of it," she rejoined, glancing at her bloomers.

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PUCK.



O ABOUT NOTHING."

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AN UNPROFITABLE APRIL FOOL JOKE;
OR, WHY A WILL WAS CHANGED.

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MR. FRESHINGTON. — Give me a pound of those trick chocolates with the cayenne pepper in. Give me the hottest you have! I want to fool my wife.



MR. FRESHINGTON. — My dear, here are a few chocolates I bought for you.
MRS. FRESHINGTON. — Oh, thank you, George! I have a letter here from your rich Uncle William, saying he will be here to-day to pay us a long visit.



MR. FRESHINGTON. — There is some one at the door now. It is he, as sure as you live. Come, Mary, quick! We must fix ourselves up before we see him. I am his heir, you know!



SERVANT. — Yes, sir! If yez will plase take a sate Oi'll tell thim. Their uncle, is it? Ach, sure, they do be expectin' ye!



UNCLE WILLIAM. — Ah, chocolates! My nephew knows how I love this confection, and he evidently left them here expecting me to help myself. How thoughtful!



UNCLE WILLIAM. — Holy Smoke! Fire and Brimstone! Cayenne pepper!! **** !!! ??? **—?



UNCLE WILLIAM. — Out of my road! Let me by! You'll play April Fool jokes on your uncle, will you? I'll show you something!



UNCLE WILLIAM (to his LAWYER). — Yes; make it read that I leave my entire fortune to the Asylum for Idiots and Fools; and send a copy to my nephew.



MR. FRESHINGTON. — Oh, Mary! Just listen to this. My uncle leaves all his money to the Asylum for Idiots and Fools, and recommends that we go there and be treated as soon as possible.

OLD FOES WITH NEW FACES.

"HAVE HERE," said the tall, heavily-bearded man, "a very amusing true story, which may be available for your paper." And he handed the editor the following type-written anecdote:

"Our old friend B—is in trouble again, this time with his gas company. He had been away to Bermuda with his family for the Winter, leaving his house shut tight. Imagine his surprise upon his return to be presented with the same old gas bill. Going to the main office, he raged and stormed as can be imagined, and a clerk was assigned to return with him and investigate. It was as B—had said; his house was shut up, nailed and barred. However, they found in the bath-room a small subdued gas jet flickering on steadily, as it had been for the last three months!"

The Editor gave one glance at the new contributor; then, springing forward, he tore the heavy, false whiskers from his frightened face, leaving the discomfited President of the Graball Gas Company detected as he stood.

"Foiled again!" he muttered hoarsely, and slunk out into the night.

"GARDEZ VOUS!"

R. L. M.

"When that reporter interviewed me," said Mr. Greatman, ruefully, as he looked at his picture in the daily paper, "he said he would print a cut of me with the article; but this looks more like a thrust!"

DECADENCE.

OFFICER KEHOGAN (*sadly*). — There's no mistake about it, the New York police force is going to the dogs.

OFFICER MULCAHEY (*in surprise*). — Phwat makes yez think thot?

OFFICER KEHOGAN. — I caught the captain in a drug store drinking ice-cream soddy water.

HYPERCRITICAL.

MANAGER. — The great trouble with your play is, that there is n't enough action.

FUTLITES. — Great Scott, man! there are two for absolute divorce in the first act.

IN HIS VOCABULARY.

SHE (*writing a letter*). — What is a synonym for artistic?

HE. — Expensive.

A SWEEPING CHARGE — Appropriation for Street Cleaning.



A HITCH SOMEWHERE.

"The whole world loves a lover." Then I really do not see Why my suit did n't prosper,— She was all the world to me!

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

"I have one request to make," said the captured Chinese general.
 "What is it?" asked the Japanese officer.
 "Just let me telegraph to the Emperor that I have defeated your army with tremendous loss."

ACTION AT LAST.

EDITOR.—What was done to-day at the meeting of Sorosis?

SPACER.—They dropped three members for reading the "Woman's Page" in the newspapers.

HAD TRIED THE BETTER ONES.

"Will you be mine?" he faltered.

She looked upon him with disdain.

"I thought you knew better!" she sneered.

His head sank upon his breast.

"I do," he answered in a hollow voice;
 "but they have all refused me, one by one."

SOME GOOD.

HOWLER.—What do the monopolists do for us?

MAN ON BACK SEAT.—They fix it so we don't have to pay any income tax.

NOT SO LONELY.

MRS. TORKMORE.—Was n't it dreadful, your being cast away on that coral reef with your wife, and the dear little baby, too; a dreadful desert isle, was n't it?

MR. POPPER (*with sad recollections*).—Yes, indeed;—a howling wilderness.

SUPERIORITY.

"Did your husband secure any of the new bonds?"

"Oh! dear—no! *We* don't want them; *our* bonds have been in the family for years."

SOME OF our astute detectives act as if they were obeying the injunction—
 "Keep Off the Track."



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AN ASSURANCE.

KIND LADY.—Now, you will promise me that you won't spend the money for liquor?

THE TRAMP.—I will, Mum,—and me word is as good as me bond!

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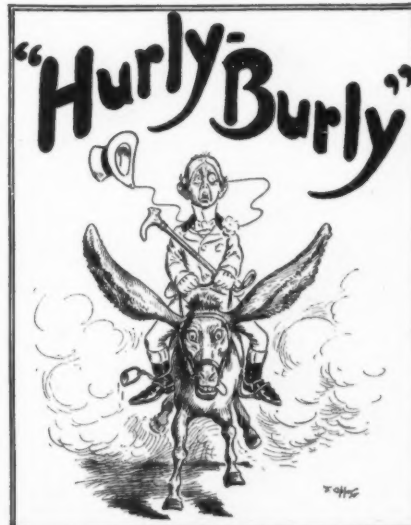
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WHEN a woman looks serious, and stops asking "What is love?" it is an indication that she has found out. — *Atchison Globe.*

THE pursuing Japs believe the Chinese soldiers have level heads. At least the pigtails look that way. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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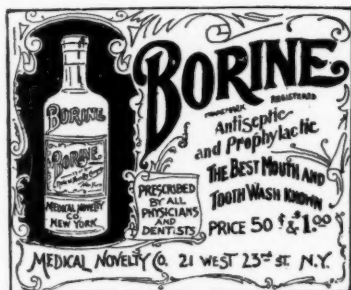
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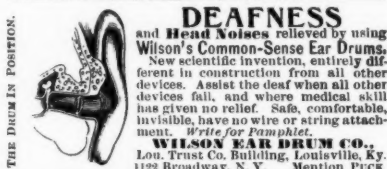
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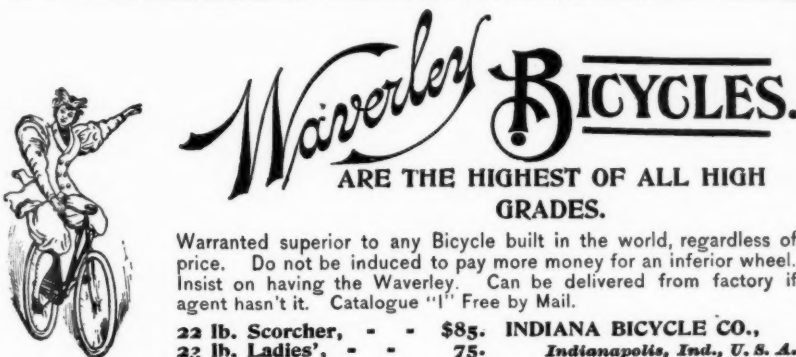


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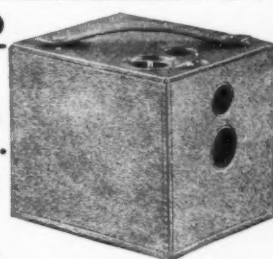
THE INSTINCTIVE QUESTION.
PRISONER. — Your Honor, this policeman has struck me.
NEW YORK MAGISTRATE. — For how much? — *Washington Star.*

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MOTHER. — That shows how dangerous thin ice is.
LITTLE SON. — I thought it showed how safe a boy with a dog is. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

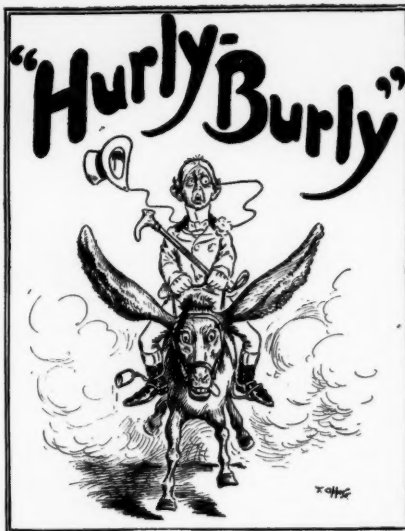
AN ALTERNATIVE.

"Do you think a girl ought to learn to cook before she gets married?" said the practical man.
"Yes," replied his dyspeptic friend.
"Either that, or else she ought to be willing not to try." — *Washington Star.*

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"No; how did it happen?"

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— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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SAGEBRUSH SAM. — How much did he git? I made ten dollars on the deal. They was a ten-dollar bill on top of the pile of brown paper he traded me fer three hundred dollars-worth of shares in that ther mine of ourn. — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

CLERK. — Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hard wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone.

MR. MULDOON (dealer). — Sind 'em soft wood.

"They will notice the difference; because soft wood burns too fast."

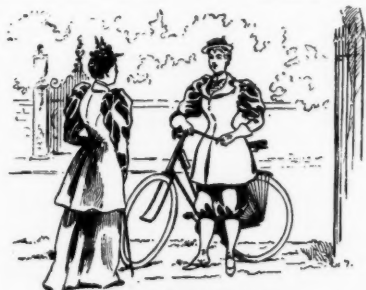
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A PIECE of limburg cheese is like a tack in one respect — you can always find it in the dark. — *Texas Siftings.*

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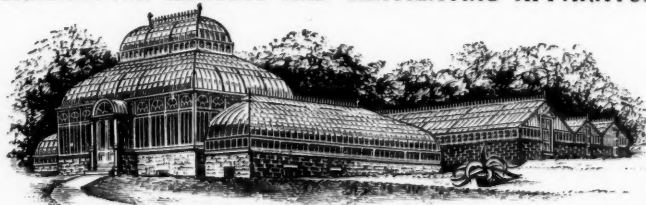
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DID HER LITTLE BEST.

MAMA. — I hope you behaved like a little lady while Mrs. Hightone was trying to entertain you?

SMALL DAUGHTER. — Yes'm. I put my hand over my mouth every time I yawned.
— *Street & Smith's Good News.*

IT is a dangerous business for men and women to lie to each other until they are married. — *Detroit Free Press.*

TROUBLES, like babies, grow larger by nursing. — *Texas Siftings.*

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CITIZEN (hurriedly).—They are trying to stop the car.

OLD LADY.—I and sakes! The conductors in my town are mighty unaccommodating, but we don't have to go to any such trouble as that.—*New York Weekly.*

YEAST.—I hear Longly, the minister, is learning to play the piano.

CRIMSONBEAK (a neighbor).—I hope to gracious he does n't practice what he preaches! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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HAVERLY.—Upon Downes lighted his cigar with the pawn-ticket of his dress-suit, the other day, by mistake. So he took the ashes of the ticket to the pawnbroker.

AUSTEN.—What did they say?

HAVERLY.—They said that they had a fire the day before, and handed him the ashes of his dress-suit. — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

HARD LUCK.

FIRST BEGGAR.—Hello! Pickin' up anything on your rounds these days?

SECOND BEGGAR.—Ain't nothin' doin' at all. I had ter draw twenty out of the bank to-day ter pull me through. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

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A PROTEST.

CHAIRMAN (at the Tammany meeting).—And what is Reform going to do for you? The saloons will be wide open on Sunday! Think of that! The sacred American Sunday that Tammany upheld will be violated—openly! It makes my blood boil to think of it! A blow aimed at the police force, the bread taken out of the mouth of the side-door watcher, and an end to political assessment. It shall not be! The American Sunday must and shall be preserved! (Sits down amid great applause.)

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MR. SMITH.—I'm disappointed in that young fellow.
MRS. SMITH.—Why?
MR. SMITH.—He was introduced as a typical Yale man of the period; yet I find he smokes and drinks but little, wears quiet clothes, speaks English like other people, and does n't even own a sweater.
—*Yule Record.*



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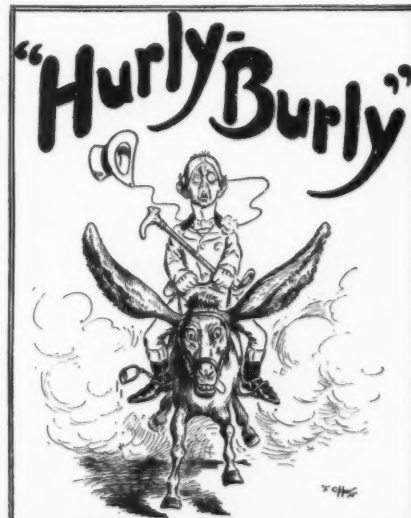
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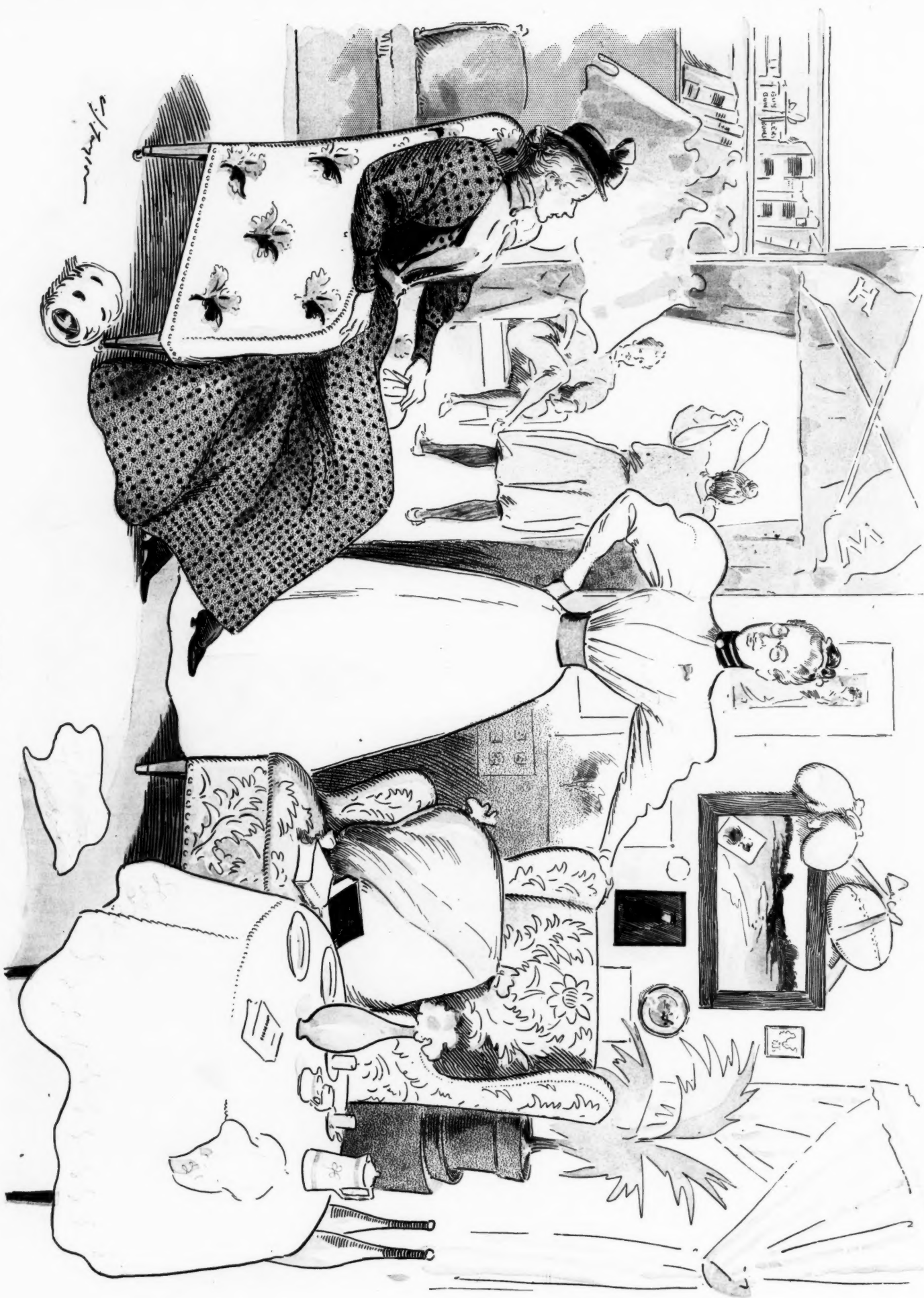


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BRUTAL.

MISS VASSAR. — Do you haze Freshmen at this college, Miss Wellesly?
MISS WELLESLY. — Oh, my, yes! We went into the room of one the other night and chewed up all her gum!